

THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. 1.]

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 2, 1808.

[NO. 20.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
We hither bring.

Singular Adventures of a Knight.

(Concluded from our last.)

SIR Gawen forgot in this delicious vale, all his former sufferings, and giving up his mind to the pleasing influence of curiosity and wonder he determined to explore the place by tracing the windings of the stream. Scarce had he entered upon this plan, when music of the most ravishing sweetness filled the air, sometimes it seemed to float along the valley, sometimes it stole along the surface of the water, now it died away among the woods, and now with deep and mellow symphony it swelled upon the gale.— Fixed in astonishment, Sir Gawen scarce ventured to breathe, every sense, save that of hearing, seemed quite absorbed, and when the last faint warblings melted on his ear, he started from the spot, solicitous to know from what being those more than human strains had parted; but nothing appeared in view; the moon full and unclouded, shone with unusual lustre, the white rocks glittered in her beam, and, filled with hope, he again pursued the windings of the water, which conducting to the narrowest part of the valley, continued their course through the wood. Sir Gawen entered by a path, smooth, but narrow and perplexed, where, although its branches were so numerous that no preference could be given, or any direct route long persisted in, yet every turn presented something to amuse, something to sharpen the edge of research. The beauty of the trees through whose interstices the moon gleamed in the most picturesque manner; the glimpses of the water, and the notes of the nightingale, who now began to fill the valley with her song, were more than sufficient to take off the sense of fatigue, and he wandered on still eager to explore, still panting for further discovery. The wood now became more thick and obscure, and at length almost dark, when the path taking suddenly an oblique direction, Sir Gawen found himself on the edge of a circular lawn, whose tint and softness were beyond compare, and which seemed to have been lightly brushed by fairy feet. A number of fine old trees, around whose boles crept the ivy and the woodbine, rose at irregular distances, here they mingled into groves, and there separate, and emulous of each other, they shook their airy summits in disdain. The water, which had been for some time concealed, now murmured through a thousand beds and visiting each little flower, added vigour to its vegetation, and poignancy to its fragrance. Along the edges of the wood and beneath the shadows of the trees, an innumerable host of glow-worms lighted their innocuous fires, as bright as the gems of Golconda, and Sir Gawen,

still desirous to enjoy the scene, went forward with light footsteps on the lawn; all was calm, and except the breeze of night, that sighed soft and sweetly through the world of leaves, a perfect silence prevailed. Not many minutes, however, had elapsed before the same enchanting music, to which he had listened with so much rapture in the vale, again arrested his attention, and presently he discovered on the border of the lawn, just rising above the wood, and floating on the bosom of the air, a being of the most delicate form; from his shoulders streamed a tunic of the tenderest blue, his wings and feet were clothed in downy silver, and in his grasp he had a wand, white as the mountain snow. He rose swiftly in the air, his brilliance became excessive from the lunar rays, his song echoed through the vault of night, but having quickly diminished to the size and appearance of the evening star, it died away, and the next moment he was lost in ether. Sir Gawen fixed his eye where the vision had disappeared, and soon had the pleasure of again seeing the star-like radiance, which in an instant unfolded itself into the full and fine dimensions of the beauteous being, who having collected dew from the cold vales of Saturn, now descended rapidly towards the earth, and waving his wand, as he passed athwart the woods, a number of like form and garb, flew round him, and all alighting on the lawn, separated at equal distances on its circumference, and then shaking their wings which spread a perfume through the air, burst into one general song. Sir Gawen, who apprehensive of being discovered, had retreated within the shadow of some mossy oaks, now waited with eager expectation the event of so singular a scene. In a few moments a bevy of elegant nymphs, dancing two by two, issued from the wood on the right, and an equal number of warlike knights, accompanied by a band of minstrels from that of the left. The knights were clothed in green; on their bosoms shone a plate of burnished steel, and in their hands they grasped a golden targe and lance of beamy lustre. The nymphs, whose form and symmetry were beyond whatever poets dream, were dressed in robes of white, their zones were azure, dropt with diamonds, and their light brown hair decked with roses, hung in ample ringlets. So quick, so light and airy was their motion, that the turf, the flowers, shrunk not to the gentle pressure, and each smiling on her favorite knight, he slung his brilliant arms aside and mingled in the dance.

Whilst thus they flew in rapid measures o'er the lawn, Sir Gawen, forgetting his situation, and impatient to salute the assembly, involuntarily stepped forward, and instantaneously a shrill and hollow gust of wind murmured through the woods, the moon dipped into a cloud, and the knights, the dames and aerial spirits vanished from the view, leaving the amazed Sir Gawen to repent at leisure of his precipitate intrusion; scarce, however, had he time to determine what he should pursue, when a beam of light flashed suddenly

along the horizon, and the beauteous being, whom he first beheld in the air, stood before him; he waved his snowy wand, and pointing to the wood, which now appeared sparkling with a thousand fires, moved gently on. Sir Gawen felt an irresistible impulse which compelled him to follow, and having penetrated the wood, he perceived many bright rays of light, which darting like the beams of the sun, through every part of it, most beautifully illuminated the shafts of the trees. As they advanced forwards the radiance became more intense and converged towards the centre; and the fairy being turning quickly round, commanded Sir Gawen to kneel down, and having squeezed the juice of an herb into his eyes, bade him now proceed, but that no mortal eye, unless its powers of vision were increased, could endure the glory that would shortly burst upon them. Scarce had he uttered these words, when they entered an amphitheatre; in its centre was a throne of ivory inlaid with sapphires, on which sat a female form of exquisite beauty; a plain coronet of gold obliquely crossed her flowing hair, and her robe of white satin hung negligent in ample folds. Around her stood five and twenty nymphs clothed in white and gold, and holding lighted tapers; beyond these were fifty of the aerial beings, their wings of downy silver stretched for flight, and each a burning taper in his hand; and lastly, on the circumference of the amphitheatre shone one hundred knights in mail of tempered steel, in one hand they shook aloft a large targe of massy diamond, and in the other flashed a taper. So excessive was the reflection, that the targes had the lustre of an hundred suns, and when shaken sent forth streams of vivid lightning; from the gold, the silver, and the sapphires rushed a flood of tinted light, that mingling, threw upon the eye a series of revolving hues. Sir Gawen impressed with awe, with wonder and delight, fell prostrate on the ground, whilst the fairy spirit advancing, knelt and presented to the queen a crystal vase. She rose, she waved her hand, and smiling, bade Sir Gawen to approach. "Gentle stranger, she exclaimed, let not fear appal your heart for to him whom courage, truth and piety have distinguished, our friendship and our love is given.— Spirits of the blest we are, our sweet employment is to befriend the wretched and the weary, to hush the torture of anguish, and the horror of despair. Ah! never shall the tear of innocence or the plaint of sorrow, the pang of injured merit, or the sigh of hopeless love, implore our aid in vain. Upon the moon-beam do we float, and light as air, pervade the habitations of men, and hearken, O favored mortal! I tell thee spirits pure from vice, are present to thy inmost thoughts; when terror and when madness, when spasm and when death surrounded thee, our influence put to flight the ministers of darkness; we placed thee in the moonlight vale, and now upon thy head I pour the planetary dew, from the dread agents, it will free thee from wildering fear and gloomy superstition." She ended, and

Sir Gawen impatient to express his gratitude, was about to speak, when suddenly the light turned pale and died away, the spirits fled, and music soft and sweet was heard remotely in the air.—Sir Gawen started, and in place of the refulgent scene of magic, he beheld a public road, his horse cropping the grass which grew upon its edge, and a village at a little distance, on whose spire the rising sun had shed his earliest beams.

From the Med. and Agri. Register.

A Remarkable Account OF THE RESUSCITATION OF LIFE.

IN THE CASE OF
THE REV. WM. TENENT,

Of Freehold, (N. J.) communicated by the Rev. Samuel Austin, of Worcester, with a letter to the Editor, June 17, 1806.

Extract from the Rev. Mr. Austin's letter.

"The account which I mentioned to you respecting Mr. Tenent, has just been published in the Assembly's Magazine. It corresponds with that given in my letters from Mr. Boudinot.—The Magazines were sent to me by him; and as the publication appears under the patronage of the most respectable body of the clergy in the United States, the account as here presented may be depended on as authentic.

"I wish you would transfer this account into the Register, and that some accurate theorist in the philosophy of animal nature would give us an exposition of this remarkable phenomenon. We have heard of many persons resuscitated after a considerable time apparently dead; but have we in such a form and such a kind of restoration; especially with such an erasure and recovery of mental impressions? Can those phenomena be reconciled to the system of materialism?"

THE ACCOUNT.

"The late Rev. Wm. Tenent, of Freehold, in the county of Monmouth, in the state of New-Jersey, of whom is related the following account, was the second son of the Rev. William Tenent, minister of the gospel at Neshaminy, in Bucks county, (Penn.) After a regular course of study in theology, Mr. Tenent, was preparing for his examination by the Presbytery, as a candidate for the gospel ministry. His intense application affected his health, and brought on a pain in his breast, and a slight hectic. He soon became emaciated and at length was like a living skeleton. His life was now threatened. He was attended by a physician, a young gentleman, who was attached to him by the strictest and warmest friendship. He grew worse and worse until little hope of life was left. In this situation, his spirits failed, and he began to entertain doubts of his final happiness. He was conversing one morning with his brother, in Latin, on the state of his soul when he fainted and died away. After the usual time, he was laid out on a board, according to the common practice of the country; and the neighborhood were invited to attend the funeral on the next day.

"In the evening his physician and friend returned from a ride in the country, and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He

could not be persuaded it was certain; and being told that one of the persons who had assisted in laying out the body, thought he had observed a little trembling of the flesh, under the arm, altho' the body was cold and stiff—he endeavoured to ascertain the fact. He first put his hand into warm water, to make it as sensible as possible, and then felt under the arm, and at the heart, and affirmed he felt an unusual warmth, though no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed; and insisted that the people who had been invited to the funeral, should be requested not to attend. To this the brother (they being in his house) objected as absurd, the eyes being sunk, the lips discoloured, and the whole body being cold and stiff; however the doctor finally prevailed; and all probable means were used, to discover symptoms of returning life. But the third day arrived, and no hopes were entertained of success, but by the doctor, who never left him night nor day. The people were again invited, and assembled to attend the funeral.—The doctor still objected; and at last confined his request of delay, to one hour; and finally to a quarter of an hour. He had discovered that the tongue was swollen, and threatened to crack; he was endeavoring to soften it by emollient ointment, put upon it with a feather, when the brother came in, about the expiration of the last period, and mistaking what the doctor was doing, for an attempt to feed him, manifested some resentment, and in a spirited tone, said, 'It is shameful to be feeding a lifeless corpse;' and insisted with earnestness, that the funeral should immediately proceed. At this critical moment, the body to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, opened its eyes, gave a dreadful groan and sunk again into apparent death. This put an end to all thoughts of burying him, and every effort was again employed, in hopes of bringing about a speedy resuscitation. In another hour, life seemed to return with some power, and a complete revival took place, to the great joy of the family and friends, and to the no small astonishment and conviction of very many who had been ridiculing the idea of restoring to life a dead body.

"Mr. Tenent continued in so weak and low a state, for six weeks, that great doubts were entertained of his final recovery; however, after that period, he recovered much faster, but it was about twelve weeks before he was completely restored. After he was able to walk the room, and to take notice of what passed around him, on a Sunday afternoon, his sister, who had stayed from church to attend him was reading in the bible, when he took notice of it, and asked her what she had in her hand? She answered, that she was reading the bible. He replied, "What is the bible? I know not what you mean." This affected the sister so much that she burst into tears, and informed him that he was once well acquainted with it. On her reporting this to her brother, when he returned, Mr. Tenent was found upon examination, to be totally ignorant of every transaction of his life previous to his sickness.—He could not read a single word, neither did he seem to have any idea what it meant. As soon as he became capable of attention, he was taught to read and write, as children are usually taught, and afterwards began to learn the Latin language under the tuition of his brother. One day as he was reciting a lesson in Cornelius Nepos, he sud-

denly started, clapped his hand to his head, as if something had hurt him, and made a pause. His brother asked him what was the matter; he said he felt a sudden shock in the head, and it now seemed as if he had read that book before. By degrees his recollection was restored, and he could speak the Latin as fluently as before his sickness. His memory so completely revived, that he gained a perfect knowledge of the past transactions of his life, as if no difficulty had previously occurred.* This event, at the time, made considerable noise, and furnished a subject of deep investigation and learned enquiry, to the real philosopher and curious anatomist.

"The candid reader is left to his own reflections on this interesting subject. The facts have been stated, and they are unquestionable.

"As soon as circumstances would permit, Mr. Tenent was licensed, and began to preach the everlasting gospel with great zeal and success.—The death of his brother, who had been some time settled as minister of the Presbyterian church at Freehold, in the county of Monmouth, New-Jersey, left that congregation in a destitute state. They had experienced so much spiritual benefit from the indefatigable labors and pious zeal of this able minister of Jesus Christ, that they soon turned their attention to his brother, and after one year was found to be no unworthy successor of so excellent a predecessor. In Oct. 1733, Mr. Tenent was regularly ordained their pastor, and continued so through the whole of a pretty long life, one of the best proofs of ministerial fidelity."

* In a letter from the successor of Mr. Tenent in the pastoral charge of his church, to the author of this account, dated Monmouth, N. J. Dec. 10, 1803, we find the following paragraph:

"Mr. Tenent informed me, that he had so entirely lost the recollection of his past life, and the benefit of his former studies, that he could neither understand what was spoken to him, nor read his own name. That he had to begin all anew, and did not recollect that he had ever read before, until he had again learned his letters, and able to pronounce the monosyllables, such as THEE and THOU; but that as his strength returned, which was very slowly, his memory also returned."

Wonderful Generosity of an Indian.

From Bartram's Travels.

On a sudden an Indian appeared crossing the path at a considerable distance before me. On perceiving that he was armed with a rifle, the first sight of him startled me, and I endeavoured to elude his sight by stopping my pace, and keeping large trees between us; but he espied me, and turning short about, set spurs to his horse, and came up on full gallop. I never before this was afraid at the sight of an Indian, but at this time must own that my spirits were very much agitated: I saw at once, that being unarmed, I was in his power, and having now but a few moments to prepare, I resigned myself entirely to the will of the Almighty, trusting to his mercies for my preservation; my mind then became tranquil, and I resolved to meet the dreaded foe with resolution and cheerful confidence. The intrepid Seminole stopped suddenly, three or four yards before me, and silently viewed me with countenance angry and fierce, shifting his rifle from shoulder to shoulder, and looking about instantly on all sides. I advanced

wards him, and with an air of confidence offered him my hand, hailing him brother; at this he hastily jerked back his arm, with a look of malice, rage and disdain, seeming every way disconcerted; when again looking at me more attentively, he instantly spurred up to me, and with a dignity in his look and action, gave me his hand. We shook hands and parted in a friendly manner, in the midst of a dreary wilderness; and he informed me of the course and distance to the trading house, where I found he had been extremely ill treated the day before.

Uncommon Love.

HIPPARCHIA, a celebrated lady of antiquity, who was born at Maronea, a city of Thrace, and flourished in the time of Alexander, addicted herself to philosophy, and was so charmed with the cynic Crates's discourse, that she was determined to marry him at any rate. She was addressed by a great many lovers, who were handsome men, and distinguished by their rank and riches; and her relations pressed her to choose a husband from these. But she answered that she had sufficiently considered the matter, and was persuaded that no one could be richer and handsomer than Crates; and that if they would not marry her to him, she would stab herself. Upon this her friends had recourse to Crates himself; desired him to exert all his eloquence, and to use all his authority, in order to cure her of her passion. He did so; but she still continued obstinate and resolved. At last, finding arguments ineffectual, he displayed his poverty before her; he shewed his crooked back, his cloak, his bag; and told her that she could not be his wife, without leading such a life as his sect prescribed. She declared, herself infinitely pleased with the proposal, and took the habit of the order. She loved Crates to such a degree, that she rambled every where, and went to entertainments with him; though this was what the other Grecian ladies never did.

On Gratitude.

There is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind, than gratitude.

It is accompanied with such inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man; how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hands, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of him who is the great author of good, and Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man; it exalts the soul

into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude, on this beneficent Being, who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the works of the Pagan poets were either direct hymns of their deities, or tended indirectly to the celebration of their respective attributes and perfections. Those who are acquainted with the works of the Greek and Latin poets which are still extant, will, upon reflection, find this observation so true, that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our christian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, especially if we consider, that our idea of the Supreme being, is not only infinitely more great and noble than could possibly enter into the heart of a heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the imagination, and give an opportunity for the sublimest thoughts and conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a heathen who was singing a hymn to Diana, in which he celebrated her for her delight in human sacrifices, and other instances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet, who was present at this piece of devotion, and seems to have had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the votary, by way of reproof, that in recompence for his hymn, he heartily wished he might have a daughter of the same temper with the goddess he celebrated. It was indeed impossible to write the praises of one of these false deities, according to the Pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and absurdity.

The Jews, who before the time of christianity, were the only people who had the knowledge of the true God, have set the world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent, of which I am speaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without considering them as inspired writers, they have transmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the poetry as much as in the subject to which it is consecrated. This, I think, might be easily shewn, if there were occasion for it.—Spectator.

Extraordinary Case.

Not long since, the wife of a laborer after being brought to bed and safely delivered, was seized with an insatiable appetite for food. Her husband being incapable of supporting her unnatural craving, obtained admission for her into St. Bartholomew's hospital, where she remains at present in a most dreadful situation. She eats incessantly, and is supplied with three pounds of beef, a quarter loaf, and a proportional quantity of drink. On one occasion the surgeons ordered her to be kept without eating one hour, and the consequence was, she raised the most shocking cries until her craving was satisfied. She retains her senses, and constantly requests those about her to bear with her unnatural behaviour, until she is cured by medical assistance, or death puts an end to her sufferings. Previous to this singular propensity, the unfortunate woman was known to be a very moderate eater. *Lon. pap.*

Remark.—Almsgiving never made any man poor, robbery rich, nor prosperity wise.

[SELECTED.]

FROM THE SHANSCRIT.

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Oh Hesper! hide thy cheering ray,
Nor lend the earth again that beam,
Which once illum'd thy misty way,
Along the banks of Cythia's stream;
Shedding through shades of dusky night,
To guide my steps, a lonely light:
Like the first orient beam of morn,
Seen faintly ere the day is born.

How often when the nightly queen
Refus'd her gladd'ning smile to lend,
Hast thou diffus'd a ray serene,
And kindly been the lover's friend;
Breaking with soft effulgent power,
Mild through the glooms of ev'ning hour;
And shining lucid through the sky,
Like pity's tear in Menia's eye.

And when my wayward feet have gone
Far from the wand'ring streamlet's side,
When other stars but slimly shone,
Oh Hesper thou hast been my guide.
To light me o'er the pathless plain,
Back to the streamlet's side again:
Like some kind power that's leading back
An erring youth to virtue's track.)

Back to the stream where haply stray'd
Adown its willowy margin'd edge,
To meet me there a beauteous maid,
Her faithless vows of love to pledge.
Vows, Oh heaven! too sweetly spoken—
Vows—alas!—all gone—all broken.
Fleeting as mists that dew each spray,
Which live not through the noon of day.

But now no more the banks I rove
Where roses bloom like Menia fair,
Whose leaves disclosing thorns, like love,
Scatter through the ambient air,
Sweets that are breath'd to all the same;
Like vows from some unhallow'd flame;
Which lighted once profanely burns,
For every hapless youth by turns.

Gild not, oh golden star supreme,
With splendent tints yon sapling boughs—
Oh! let the grove with darkness teem,
Where faithless Menia plights her vows—
Brief as the flower of roseate dyes—
False as her tears—light as her sighs—
Tears like the dews of weeping even—
Sighs like the balmy breath of heaven.

Epitaph on a Locksmith.

A zealous Locksmith died of late,
And did arrive at heaven's gate;
He stood without and would not knock,
Because he meant to pick the lock.



Selected Poetry.

"The rich flowers of Fancy with Genius entwined,
Form a bouquet of sweets for the classical mind."

Morning Hymn.

ARISE my soul, with rapture rise,
And fill'd with love and fear adore
The awful Sov'reign of the skies
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

And may this day, indulgent Power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly flying hour,
Advance my soul more nigh to thee.

But can it be! that POWER DIVINE,
Whose throne is light's unbounded blaze,
While countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise,

Will deign to lend a fav'ring ear,
When I poor abject mortal pray?
Yes! boundless GOODNESS he will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

Then let me serve thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase,
For pleasant, LORD, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths, are paths of peace.

Evening Hymn.

AGAIN with troops of pious friends—
We seek the house of prayer,
To learn thy will, to sing thy praise,
Again Lord, meet us there.

And while I wait the happy hour,
My tribute, Lord, I bring;
The praises of a loving God,
My thankful lips shall sing.

Lo! now the sun declines apace,
The holy Sabbath flies;
Come, therefore, let us close the day
In sacred harmonies.

When, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene?
Rest in perpetual Sabbath day
Without a veil between?

Assist me while I wander here
Amidst a world of cares;
Decline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

Thy Spirit, O my Father give
To be my guide, and friend,
To light my way to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbath without end.

Arrabella.

By a Young Lady.

Lamenting o'er her orphan child,
Young Arrabella stood,
Her tresses loose, her action wild,
Her eyes a briny flood.

"Behold thy father slain! (she cried,
In frantic deep despair)
Curs'd War divorc'd him from his bride,
Each storm of fate to dare.

"Ah! why desert my faithful arms,
To brave the conqu'ring foe,
Invade my breast with dread alarms,
And pierce this heart with woe!

"Were roaring drums and trumpets shrill,
More grateful to thy ear
Than notes of love that sweetly thrill,
And hush to rest each fear?

"Could guiltless blood more thirst excite,
Or richer bliss impart,
Than ev'ry fond and pure delight
That dignifies the heart?

"O curs'd, thrice curs'd be glory's voice,
That thunders war-and rage:
That bids the soul of man rejoice
To spare nor sex nor age:

"And thou sweet babe! once all my joy,
But now my greatest woe!
Wilt thou the human race destroy,
The earth with blood o'erflow?

"Oh! rather would this widow'd hand
Cut short thy infant days,
Than thou shouldst bid the fiend-like brand
Of war and discord blaze!"

Thus rais'd the beauteous weeping fair,
While frenzy seiz'd her brain;
She dropp'd, the victim of despair,
Beside her Henry slain.

Ananimitu.

The smallest creatures acting in concert, have great power. The African ants sometimes set forward in such multitudes, that the whole earth seems to be in motion. A corps of them attacked and covered an elephant quietly feeding in a pasture. In eight hours nothing was to be seen on the spot but the skeleton of the enormous animal, neatly and completely picked. The business was done, and the enemy marched on after fresh prey.

Extract.

A story is in a constant state of change. Like water passing through a variety of strata, a story assumes something of a different flavor, according to the temper of every relator. Different ingredients are mixed as it passes through every month, and the material of which it is originally composed, becomes at length imperceptible.

MILLINERY.

ABIGAIL MORRILL,

Inform her friends and the public that she has taken a shop adjoining Dr. John Allen's Drug Shop, in Jefferson-street, Saco, where she keeps constantly for sale,

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

Millinery & Fancy Goods,

Which she offers for sale as cheap as can be purchased in town.

Dantua-Making,

Done in the most fashionable manner.

She flatters herself by attention to her customers, and punctuality in business, to receive a share of their patronage.

Constant attendance from 6 o'clock A. M. to 2 P. M.

SACO, June 5, 1808.

Printing.

THE VARIOUS BRANCHES OF

Letter-Press Printing,

EXECUTED WITH

Neatness, Accuracy, and Dispatch,

BY

STEPHEN SEWALL,

AT THE MIRROR PRINTING OFFICE, OPPOSITE THE BRICK MARKET, COURT STREET, PORTSMOUTH.

BLANKS, BILLS, CARDS, &c.

PRINTED AT SHORT NOTICE.

Fifty Dollars Reward.

Broke from his keepers on the 27th day of April, WARREN LULL, of Hartland, in the State of Vermont.

He was under arrest on a warrant for Theft. Whoever will apprehend said LULL, and secure him, so that he may be brought to justice, shall receive the above reward and all charges.

WILLIAM SWEETSER,
CHARLES SMITH.

Hartland, April 28, 1808.

The Administrator, on the estate of Sarah L. Butler, late of Portsmouth deceased, gives notice that unless the creditors to that estate prove and substantiate their claims, they will not be allowed by the court.

Portsmouth, June 4, 1808.

TERMS OF THE MIRROR.

Two dollars per annum, exclusive of postage.

To subscribers at a distance one half in advance will be expected.

One column will be devoted to advertisements.

All communications addressed to the Editor of the Mirror are requested to be post paid or they will not meet with attention.

